

Sometimes I'm just too slow on the draw with my camera phone so I just have to take a mental pic. Here's one from yesterday on Novosel's'koho, my street in Odesa.

My attention is first drawn by the blasting of a manic heavy metal guitar riff. Then I notice it's emanating from a boom box strapped to the back of a bicycle. But not just any bike. This one has been customized so it looks like a miniature version of a Harley chopper, carefully painted black with bold gold trim and (in perhaps some kind of tribute to Peter Fonda in "Easy Rider"?) draped with faux leather buckskin over the crossbar.

The guy riding it is no kid; he'll never see 50 again, but clearly he was born in the wrong place at the wrong time. His time and space is pure early '70s L.A. And to prove it he has flowing shoulder-length hair dyed a white-blonde (Google Johnny Winter) and a matching beard. Sporting a pair of neon green board shorts and of course a Hawaiian shirt, he peddles nonchalantly down the street, weaving through traffic with the grace of an acrobat.

Here we are in the midst of a major war -- missile strikes and power cuts -- and this fellow has simply decided to let his freak flag fly. God bless him and his kind.